HISTORY

OF THE

Famous and Passionate LOVE,

BETWEEN A

Fair Noble Parisian LADY,

AND A

Beautiful Young Singing-MAN;

A

Chanter in the Quire of Notre-Dame in Paris,

AND A

SINGER in *OPERA'S*.

AN

Heroic POEM.

In Two *CANTO'S*.

Being in Imitation of *Virgil's* *DIDO* and *ÆNEAS*; and shews all the Passions of a Proud Beauty, compell'd by Love, to abandon her self to her Inferiour; but finding some slights, how she Reveng'd her self, and recovered her Honor.

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HISTORY

OF

Four Noble Paladins,

AND

Beautiful Young Sparks,

Chiefly in the Court of Notre-Dame (Paris),

AND

Heroic POEM

In Two

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

THis Poem was design'd for an Epsode to that called the DÆNEIDS; as that of Dido is to the ÆNEIDS; but being long, 'twas thought by some, if it was joyn'd with the other, it wou'd give too great an interruption to that short Story, and swell it too large for this Age, which seems to have lost its taste of Poetry; and must be deal't with, as sick People are, have a little at a time given 'em, of what we wou'd have 'em swallow. This Poem therefore is Printed by it self, which it will very well bear, being in it self an intire Story; but there are several Lines in this and the other, which will help to joyn 'em together, if the Reader pleases. Both of 'em are a kind of Burlesque, directly contrary to that of Virgil Travestie, for that makes a Hero and Heroine talk like Higlers or Costardmongers, and this represents Priests, Chanters and Vergers, like Gods and Heroes. I have in some places burlesqu'd some parts of Virgil, in others endeavour'd to imitate him, and elsewhere to translate him.

But I am no servile Translator. I care not what the Laws of Translation are; I am a Free-born Subject of England, *and will not be put in Fetters, but by the Laws of the Kingdom. I never saw any man chain himself to an Author, without spoiling both their means. Two men cannot row like Galley-Slaves, lock'd together, with a very good Grace. I have also in this and the other Poem, made bold with the* Dean, Quire, Vergers, *and* Church *of* Nôtre-Dame. *I have put the* Priests *in an* English *Dress, and* Pews *into that Popish Church for the hearing of Sermons, where perhaps none are preach'd; but I have reason for this Confidence;* French men *are our King's Subjects, and ought to obey our Customs; that Cathedral too was built by* English, *therefore we have a right to* Pews *there, and I hope we shall have the Possession o' some, by the help of our King's Valour and Conduct. It would be hard, if we might not manage how we will for our Diversion, the Pictures of a few* French *Priests:* France *long Govern'd our* Princes *and* Ministers of State, *and made our whole* Nation a *Jest.*

This little Poem being part o' the DÆNEIDS, *humbly flies for Refuge to the same great Person whither the other is gone. And I take this opportunity of Addressing while the* State *permits him to be at leisure for these Trifles, which sure will not be long, in this Age so barren of great Men. And how much so ever he may love Repose, he may venture on Business, since he has an Understanding to make all things easy to him.*

AN

AN

Heroic POEM

In Two CANTO'S:

Being in Imitation of

Virgil's *DIDO* and *ÆNEAS*, &c.

CANTO I.

THE wealthy Cities inſolently bomb'd,
The Towns in their own aſhes deep entomb'd;
The Lands made deſolate, to People graves,
Or worſe, the Galleys to ſupply with Slaves;
All by that Royal *Bouteſeu*'s command,
His Vaſſals flatter with the name *Le Grand*;
Have ſome Revenge from proud *Pariſian* Dames,
Who ruin *Paris*, by their wanton Flames;

Fire, Beds and Hearts; melt Hills o' Money down,
Enſlave the Men, and almoſt ſack the Town.
High among theſe a fair One ſhot her Light,
In Equipage, in Robes, in Beauty bright.
Loſty ſhe was in Marriage, Birth, and Size,
Her terrible Commode beſieged the Skies;
And threatned Stars, as having need of none,
Brighter than Heaven ſhe thought her Perſon ſhone,
Heaven one blue Robe, one Sett o' Gems has worn
Thouſands o' years; a want ſhe had in ſcorn.
When ſhe to Church, Court, Balls or Plays repair'd,
She in new Garments, Modes, and Jewels glar'd.
Freſh Roſes hourly in her Cheeks were blown,
She was the laſting Summer of the Town;
Which never-failing Heat and Luſtre gave,
Dazling the Fair, inflaming all the Brave.
Thouſands deſir'd her, thouſands ſhe deſir'd,
For with a raging Flame, her Blood was fir'd.
But, Oh! the Wonder! the whole Town ſh' embrac'd
Hotly in Thought, yet ſhe in Fact was chaſt.
Vaſt numbers ſought her Love, and ſhe ſought theirs;
Spread for 'em and receiv'd 'em in her Snares,
But lodg'd not one, or in her Arms, or Heart;
Held by Religion to her great deſert.
She thought her Beauty cou'd not be deſerv'd,
So by her Pride, her Honour was preſerv'd.

Her

Her ſelf ſh' ador'd, and all things elſe diſdain'd,
Her lawleſs Pride o'er all her Vices reign'd.
Pride married her to a rich High-born Lord;
Sh' eſpous'd the Title, but the Man abhor'd.
To this half Husband, ſhe half Duties paid,
Kept when a Wife, the coldneſs of a Maid.
Her Kiſſes had no ſpirit, warmth or taſte;
And ſhe was raviſh'd when ſhe was embrac'd.
This toyl ſo tireſome to him, and unjuſt,
To Strumpets turn'd the torrent of his Luſt.
With this enrag'd, for a Revenge, ſhe ſought
Some gallant Lover, worthy of her Thought.
But ſuch a Man ſhe fear'd was yet unborn,
All men to her ſeem'd made but for her ſcorn,
For Trophies to her Eyes; ſo round ſhe rov'd,
Wounding and killing, curſt yet much belov'd.
But pitying Fate at length the world reliev'd,
Made her the ſcorn o' thoſe ſhe long had griev'd.
The Church ſhe much frequented and the Plays,
To be gaz'd on by all, on all to gaze.
She found in both a dangerous ambuſcade
In lovely *Momus* for her ruin laid;
So was the young inchanting Chanter nam'd,
For Angel's voice and Woman's beauty fam'd;
The Churches Flower, the prettieſt Scene in Plays,
Beſt decoration of the *Opera*'s.

His voice entic'd her careleſs Eye to ſtray
O'er his ſweet Face, where *Cupids* lurking lay;
Which as ſhe gaz'd wou'd from each feature ſtart,
And in her Veins dip an invenom'd Dart.
Much pain ſhe felt, but what ſhe wou'd not know,
For ſhe abhor'd to think of love ſo low;
Yet ſomething whiſper'd in her Soul 'twas Love:
To ſtrangle the bold whiſperer ſhe ſtrove,
As a malicious Poyſoner of her eaſe.
This ſtrife but gave more ſtrength to her Diſeaſe,
Which grew apparent by a thouſand Pains,
Glowed in her Bones, and boil'd in all her Veins,
Smoak'd up in Sighs, through all her Marrow ſpread,
From her fair Cheeks lick'd up the Roſy red;
Beat high in her diſorder'd Pulſe and Heart,
Wept in her Eyes, and rag'd in every part.
Around her, through her, ran the melting Flame,
She plainly ſaw approaching Death or Shame.
Ah! now the Church ſhe curſt, all Plays ſhe damn'd,
And wou'd not ſee 'em more, or hear 'em nam'd.
Churches and Prayers ſhe baniſh'd from her thought,
What e'er into her mind, his image brought.
With ſweet Peace-breeding Muſick ſhe made War,
She burnt her Song-Books, broke her rich Gittar.
Muſick elſewhere diſorders might controul,
But every Note bred tumults in her Soul.

She burnt and bluſh'd if any mention'd Songs,
Or talk'd of *Crotchets*, *Quavers*, *Briefs* or *Longs*.
Into her Cheeks thoſe Engines forc't her Blood,
And made, ſhe thought, her Folly underſtood.
A while ſhe ſought the Secret to ſecure
In Solitude; no Viſits wou'd endure.
But there her Torments were too great to bear;
The Chanter's Form ſeiz'd and devour'd her there;
Cloſely purſu'd her whereſoe'er ſhe fled.
She cou'd not 'ſcape the Raviſher i' Bed.
Down lay the wanton Image by her ſide,
And kiſs'd and forc'd her ſpite of all her Pride.
Whole Nights it ruffled her; nor fled at Day.
Slumbers it from her Eyes kept long away.
Whene'er ſhe ſlept, it broke her brittle Reſt,
And ſhed the only Balm that eas'd her Breſt.
Now Solitude ſhe loath'd; abroad ſhe ſprung,
To loſe her Grief, in many a gameſome Throng.
Her ratling Coach in Viſits ſhook the Town,
Her madneſs oft call'd where ſhe was not known.
Her Friends ſcarce knew her, ſuch a change was ſeen,
In her late Gaiety, and loſty Meen.
Now mute ſhe ſate, or wide were her Replies;
Fair *Minnum*'s form wou'd in her Fancy riſe,
His charming Voice wou'd hover round her Ear,
Nothing but *Minnum* cou'd ſhe mind or hear.

Madly

Madly ſhe rov'd about, but all in vain;
Like a fair Hind ſhot by a wandring Swain,
Trying his Arrows in a Field too near
The Wood where skipp'd th'unwary wanton Deer,
She flies; the Arrow ſticks; nay every bound
Strikes it more deep into her throbbing wound.
All arts this Beauty try'd encreas'd her pain,
Which now her heart no longer cou'd contain.
One morning with her flowing Tears bedew'd,
When ſleep ſhe vainly had all night purſu'd;
Thus to her faithful Woman ſhe confeſt,
Her half-craz'd Brain, and inward bleeding Breſt.
Oh, *Fan!* Dear *Fan!* burſt out the raving Fair,
Adviſe, aſſiſt thy Lady in deep Deſpair.
I've entertain'd a fatal ſhameful Flame
For a poor Youth, I bluſh and hate to name.
I know to me he never dares aſpire,
And I muſt wooe, or die in raging Fire.
I'll die e're wooe, or by a Slave be woo'd,
And rather ſhed than ſhare my Noble Blood.
Her tender Confident kindly replyes,
Ah, Madam! dearer to me than my Eyes,
I learn'd your Grief before at Church and Playes,
By your oft Oglings, and your laviſh Praiſe
Of *Mimum*----- 'Ere the Name was far in Air,
Upſtarted in a rage the guilty Fair,

Catch'd

Catch'd madly at the words already gone,
Held back the ſhameful Floud was haſtning on;
Tore her Night-dreſs, then ſunk into the Bed,
There eagerly ſhe wept, and hid her head.
Kind ſympathizing *Fan* pledg'd her in Grief;
Wept much; but knowing that was ſmall Relief,
She ſought with Comforts of a ſolid kind,
To raiſe her Lady in Body and in Mind.
Said ſhe, I'd help you to ſuppreſs this Flame,
Did I believe it either Sin or Shame;
Madam, y'ave free diſpoſal of your Bed,
To you, your wicked Lord has long been dead.
Sometimes the Devil of Drunkenneſs aſſumes
His Corps and with ſtrange Yellings ſhakes your Rooms.
He makes your Houſe as horrible a Hell,
As the lewd Brothels where he's damn'd to dwell.
His Soul is then by an Infernal Crew
Of Whores, thoſe Brands of Hell, burnt far from you.
Madam, his Crimes your Liberty reſtore,
I'th' Eye of Heav'n a Husband he's no more.
A ſentenc'd Traytour breath awhile may draw,
But he is breathleſs i' the Eye of Law.
Your Trait'rous Lord's a Shadow in this ſence,
He can no more make any juſt Pretence
To ought from you, but Puniſhment ſevere;
You greatly ſin if Juſtice you defer.

In

In deeds of Juſtice Shame there can be none;
But you'd not ſtain his Honour and your own
By execution with a vulgar Sword.
With a King's weapon you'd behead your Lord;
The rather ſince your ſelf muſt give the blow,
Madam, your Touch a Value will beſtow.
Some Lords, no doubt, wou'd part with their white (Wands,
For *Minnum*'s Title to your ſnowy Hands.
For your ſake, Madam, great Reſpect is paid,
By nobleſt Lords, to me your humble Maid;
How'll he be honour'd then whom you ſhall place
In that high-courted Station, your Embrace,
And by your Seals of Love, your Peer create?
He need not envy Miniſters of State.
But your nice Palate cannot reliſh Fruit,
Which had its Riſe out of a dirty Root.
With a vain Scruple you your ſelf torment,
Madam, all Fleſh from Dirt has its Deſcent.
From Soil comes Graſs, from Graſs the Food we eat;
We are in part the Off-ſprings of our Meat.
Who taſtes in pleaſant Fruit its Parent Tree?
Or who in Beauty its poor Pedigree?
Who knows their Stocks? Love often changes ſtreins,
Gives with vile Blood a daſh to noble Veins;
Enriches Peaſants with the blood of Lords:
For our Deſcent we've but our Mothers Words.

Mean

Mean birth is handſome *Minnon*'s only blot.
Sure though low-born he nobly was begot!
So fine a Piece no Vulgar Work-man made;
He plainly is with Quality inlai'd.
All Beauty's Noble, born with Right to reign;
Come how it will, that Crown removes the ſtain.
You are moſt Noble, Madam; for that cauſe
Let nothing give your ſacred Pleaſure Laws.
Scorn empty Cenſure; let none have the pow'r
To be Electors of your Emperour,
Or Slave (for ſo he'll be); Why ſhou'd your Choice
Of your own Slaves, attend the publick Voice?
Think nothing but your ſelf worth your regard,
Your own great Merit, your own way reward.
If you'll needs pay the World reſpect ſo high,
Out of vain Terrour of its Ear and Eye,
In this Affair you'd ſoftly darkly creep;
Minnon's ſweet Voice can lay the World aſleep.
Let him your Voice and Skill in *Song* improve;
And with that Noiſe drown all the Talk of *Love*.
But oh! you fear you muſt deſcend to wooe;
That he'll not dare to aim ſo high as you.
Without your leave it is not fit he ſhou'd;
But you may ſoon put Spirit in his Bloud,
By Oglings, Preſents, and a thouſand ways,
When-e'er you pleaſe you may his Courage raiſe.

Thus ſhe more fir'd, her too much burning Breſt
Her too much fainting Modeſty ſuppreſt;
Fixt her in Sin. Her Sorrow blown away,
She riſes, ventures in the Eye of Day.
Her Cheeks with Luſt, and not with Bluſhes, blaze,
Reſolv'd on War, new Colours ſhe diſplayes
In bloudy Paint; her Cheeks have double Dye.
Her Heart beats hard to meet the Enemy.
O'er-pleas'd with Thoughts of her delightful Crime,
She trembles---- nothing fears but loſs o' time.
She pants, ſighs, dreſſes, puts on ev'ry Grace,
Then ſends her *Woman* on the am'rous Chace.
The Dev'l who knew the Plot ſo wiſely wrought,
Fan quickly found the Miſchief which ſhe ſought.
The minute *Fan* on her Embaſſage fled,
The Devil near the door ſweet *Mimum* led.
Anne ſtopt him, and a pleaſing Meſſage told,
Said *Beauty* waited for him here with Gold,
Deſiring him to uſe his happy Skill
In her, what highly pleas'd her, to inſtill.
From him ſhe had the beſt and ſweeteſt ſhakes:
The words he in a modeſt ſenſe miſtakes;
And ſwiftly mounts to the hid mighty Snare.
Ah, how the News ſtruck the ſick-longing Fair!
In *Fan*'s Embraces ſhe fell cold and wan.
Fan ſhriek'd; the Maids in frights confus'dly ran

To

To help their Lady, and in ſhrieks as ſhrill,
Unknown, gave bodings of great haſtning Ill,
Which now trod lightly o'er their Ladies Face,
But in her Heart would ſhortly have their place.
Her rallying Spirits now deſeat their Foes;
Her Paleneſs ebbs, her Roſie Colour flowes,
Life, Beauty, Vigour get their former ſeat;
Now *Fan* calls *Minnum*, and the Maids retreat.
'Tween *Minnum*'s Beauty, and her inward Guilt;
Once more the fair One faints, her Red is ſpilt.
Speechleſs ſhe ſtood, breathleſs almoſt awhile;
And only ſpoke his Welcome with a Smile.
That confus'd ſilent Interval was ſhort,
Then in high Praiſe of him ſhe made her Court;
O'erwhelm'd the Youth with Praiſe, he ſtagger'd, bent
Under th'oppreſſing Storm; yet on ſhe went;
Almoſt told all the Secrets of her Heart,
But rein'd her Words as they began to ſtart.
In other Modes her Suit ſhe then purſu'd,
And the fair Youth by Oſtentation woo'd.
Of all her large, richly-adorn'd Abode;
And her bright Cloſet thick with Jewels ſow'd.
From Orbs of Rings, a ſhining one ſhe choſe
Loaded with Gems, and on the Youth beſtows.
The Preſent dazled; yet it ſhot a Light
Which of her Aims gave him imperfect ſight.

Near her ſhe ſeats him, then a Song deſires,
At once the Skreen and Fuel to their Fires.
Ah! in that Air how thick the *Cupids* flew!
How faſt, at both, deep-piercing Darts they threw!
He ſigh'd, he trembled; oft his Paper fell;
He ſung, but neither of 'em knew if well.
Yet all ſeem'd well though in or out of Tune;
He ſung, both ſigh'd, and languiſh'd; on came Noon.
She ſtaid conſuming, he inflam'd withdrew;
Both long'd and wiſh'd for a new Interview,
Which he next morning eagerly repeats,
And ſhe more laviſhly her Gifts and Treats.
Thus plainly challeng'd by the urging Fair,
High roſe his Courage, he begins to dare,
His Boſom almoſt burſt with tort'ring Love,
Which now with Violence for Freedom ſtrove;
Flew to its Tongue, and almoſt forc'd its way,
But ſtill a Tyrant, Modeſty, had ſway;
Which held in cruel Pangs his lab'ring Breſt:
So tore his words, their ſence cou'd ſcarce be gueſs't.
Both talk'd, but neither of 'em well knew what:
Songs were oft nam'd, and were as oft forgot.
In tangling Clues of Beams their Eyes entwin'd;
By Wiſhes in all Parts they cloſely join'd.
But medling Modeſty between 'em ſtept.
Oh with what Pains their Lips a diſtance kept!

Pulling

Pulling againſt th' attraction of a kiſs,
And throwing off th' encroaching rampant bliſs?
In theſe inteſtine Boſom Fewds, this Morn
And ſome days more were idly loſt and torn.
At length their Modeſty to death was teiz'd,
And both took Reſolutions to be eas'd.
He came with firm Decrees to break all Bars,
She for the ſame Deſign that hour prepares.
In Walls of Forms ſhe'd make no more Defence,
Which prolong'd War at her hearts great expence.
Her Troops are now in exact order ſpred
In th' open naked Field of Love, her Bed.
There like *Aurora* on a gentle Wave,
She Audience to her eager Lover gave.
Tempted beyond what mortal cou'd reſiſt,
Her white hot Hand he ſeiz'd and hotly kiſs'd,
Then pour'd out all his Soul. Her rowling Eyes,
Sighs, tender Preſſings, gave him kind replies.
Emboldned to her Boſom he advanc'd,
Then both a while in Raptures were entranc'd;
Only in Pantings, and by ſilence ſpoke.
At length a murm'ring ſmoaking Flood out broke,
Of kindeſt Words, hot Kiſſes, Sighs and Tears,
Which bore down all his Modeſty and hers.
All thoughts of Vertue and its guardian Pride
Were chas'd away; all Pleaſure was enjoy'd,

Love's

Love's ripe and plenteous Vintage cou'd beſtow,
And from plump luſcious Grapes well preſt cou'd flow.
That Day they part not, nor the enſuing Night,
They melt down both in raviſhing Delight.
Both often ſwore never to part in Mind,
And grieve their Bodies e'er ſhou'd be disjoyn'd;
Into each other with their whole cou'd flow,
And by ſtrong Roots firm to each other grow.
So joyn'd they are, let what will ſtep between,
Something has hold of both by Ties unſeen,
For all Affairs, and Locks and Walls too ſtrong,
And will not let 'em be aſunder long.
They gaz'd, they ſung, they kiſs'd the Morn away;
Love only by ſome forms ador'd by Day,
Made ſome Proceſſions round his outward Courts;
Devout preparatives for cloſe reſorts
At Night, to his Receſſes moſt conceal'd,
Where all his Sacred Myſteries were reveal'd.

CANTO II.

LOng were they happy; fifty times and more,
The Sun his daily Heats had gallop'd o'er,
And always found 'em hot as he, and near:
Night as oft found 'em in a mad Career.
At length, Fame with the Story chanc'd to meet,
Then it ran faſt. Than Fame no ill more fleet.
By travelling ſhe thrives, her Sinews grow;
She firſt ſets out weak, timorous and low;
But ſoon ſhe far in Air begins to ſpread,
And fills the Earth, while Clouds conceal her Head.
She is a vaſt ſwift Monſter, feather'd round,
But does not more in Plumes, than Eyes abound,
Which rarely ſleep; than noiſy Tongues which walk.
All Day in Shades, yet waſte the Night in talk.
From lofty Towers, Realms, from repoſe ſhe frights,
And both in Fiction and in Truth delights.
O'er joy'd, with babble ſhe ſupplied the Crowd,
Things done, things never done ſhe ſung aloud.
How this proud fair with *Mimun* cool'd her Fire,
And he for her forſook the Stage and Quire.

This Story ſullied with Inventions foul,
The ſluttiſh Goddeſs pour'd in every Bowl,
Plenteouſly mixt in every Diſh in Town,
That at all Entertainments it went down.
At length ſhe lights at the great Dean's Alcove,
And much inflames that Eccleſiaſtick *Jove*.
Said ſhe, has all Church-Lightning loſt its Heat,
Church-Thunder loſt its Bolts, Can it but threat?
Is it but lowing Clouds, and bleating Air,
A young Retainer to the Church ſhou'd dare
To diſgrace yours, contemn the Churchs ſway,
And ſlight your lovely Niece, *Lavinia*;
The brighteſt Prentice in the Change, or Town?
Her Shop when ſhe is there, appears a Throne.
Her Yard-wand ſeems a Scepter in her Hand,
All the Town Gallants are at her Command.
She ſhuns 'em all, and *Mumum* ſhe adores,
Who melts his time, himſelf with wanton Whores.
The mighty Church-Power heard, enkindled faſt,
His Verger to the Youth diſpatch'd with haſt.
Fly ſwift (ſaid he) to this bold Debauchee,
Who wrongs at once the Church, my Niece, and me.
This will not much his handſome Mother pleaſe:
She promis'd better things of him than theſe:
That he in Song ſhou'd to high Fame attain,
Give the Quire Laws, o'er all the Chanters reign.

By

By Marriage with my Niece he's ſure of Rule;
Cannot ſuch Glory ſtir the ſtupid Fool?
What can he hope from Harlots, kiſſing Foes?
His Life they 'ndanger, at the leaſt his Noſe.
Theſe ſinful Leagues always conclude in ſtrife,
Drubs from the Husband, Poxes from the Wife.
If this lewd Courſe he does not leave and loath,
My Niece he loſes, and his Office both.
This ſpoken, forwards the Church *Merc'ry* pac'd,
With all his Ornaments by Fortune grac'd,
For then it Chim'd to Prayers: his Gown was on,
His Head in a new Cap of Sattin ſhone.
He bore his bright Inchanting Silver Rod,
With which he ſerves, diſſerves the drowzy God;
Leads Souls to happy Seats, and Slumbers deep,
And often wakes 'em out of heavy Sleep:
Of Graves call'd Pews he locks, unlocks the Doors,
Guides Souls to Shades, and back to Light reſtores.
With his wing'd Robe, Rod tip'd with Turtles Wings,
The Divine *Mercury* to *Mavium* ſprings,
And finds the *Hero* dreſſing for the Quire;
But, ah! profan'd with Ranting lay Attire;
Of his Love-Victories the wealthy Spoils,
And bold Confeſſions of his Nightly Toils.
Him the Envoy invades; and word for word,
Told what was utter'd by his Heavenly Lord;

Then vaniſh'd into thin, and ſpacious Air,
With Horrour ſtiff-upſtarted *Mimmon*'s Hair;
Bore from his Head the Wig which hedg'd it round,
In his cold freezing Jaws his Voice was drown'd.
Affrighted by Commands from one ſo great,
From his ſweet Crimes he thinks of a Retreat.
But, ah! what Words, what Heart he ſhou'd aſſume,
To his high-ſpirited Dear to break this Doom,
He knew not: various ways he rack'd his Mind,
Now he's to her, anon to Heaven inclin'd.
Hell he fears much, and loſs of Heavenly Joy,
More the great Dean, and loſs of his Employ;
But of the Husband he ſtood moſt afraid,
And on his Soul drubs moſt impreſſion made.
So he concluded 'twas the ſafeſt way,
To take this warning, and the Dean obey;
Forſake his pleaſant, but moſt dangerous Sin,
Preſerve his Soul, his Office and his Skin.
And with the Dean reſolves to make his Peace,
By this Nights Service, and deſerve his Niece.
But to tread ſoftly in this new Amour,
Till in his Arms *Lavinia* was ſecure:
Mean while all Sounds and Colours to deviſe,
Cou'd Cheat the injur'd Beautie's Ears and Eyes.
This Nights unlook'd for Parting to excuſe,
He *Billet-doux* with *Billet-doux* purſues;

Curſes

Curſes his Stars and Fate, the Tyrants will,
And ſtrives to gild the nauſeous bitter Pill.
In ſpite o' thoſe thin Arts the fraud was bare,
Lovers ſoon feel in Love, the leaſt cool Air.
And impious Fame brands in her Boſom threw,
All *Mimum's* falſehood told; abroad ſhe flew,
Like one from *Bedlam* broke with heavy Chains:
This raving Beauty batter'd her own Brains
With her Love-fetters; madly hurried on,
Whither ſhe knew not, for her Senſe was gone.
The Warriours choſen for the great Deſign,
In the Dean's Palace then were deep in Wine.
Thither this Beauty pale, her Viſage rent,
Drove by *Fan's* Conduct, and for *Mimun* ſent.
Out *Mimun* ſtarts, then thus his Ears ſhe bruis'd,
Falſe Slave (ſaid ſhe) have I my ſelf abus'd
To pleaſe thy Love, and dar'ſt thou fly from me?
What! from a Beauty of my Quality?
And for a ſtitching Wench, who earns her Bread,
Whoſe Life depends upon a rotten Thred?
For thee I wrong'd my Noble Lord, my Soul,
Nay my high Blood, now with diſhonour foul.
Now a poor Wench muſt have my dear-bought Joys,
I muſt have nothing but thy Frauds and Lyes.
If ever I was kind to thee, or dear;
If e'er thy Paſſion was like mine ſincere,

If Pity in thy Heart can find a room,
For me, or thy own Infant in my Womb,
Warm with ſome kindneſs thy poor Child at leaſt;
Deſert me not, till at my panting Breaſt,
I ſee an Innocent ſweet *Minnum* play;
Then thou mayſt take the treacherous one away.
I ſhall not quite be of my Love bereſt,
The lovelieſt part of *Minnum* will be left.
Pale *Minnum* ſtarted when ſhe nam'd her Lord,
Mus'd deeply on her Husbands Cane and Sword;
Took both into his Heart, which made it hard,
That to her Beauty he paid no regard:
By all her Prayers and Tears he ſtood unbent,
And ſtead o' cloſing, widen'd thus, the Rent.
Madam, ſaid he, I ſigh th' Account y'ave brought,
Whilſt I've a Soul, you will delight my thought:
Lovely you are, and loving you have been,
Too kind; your Beauty and your Love gave ſin,
Enticing Beauties which undid us both;
Your ſelf I love, my ſin I greatly loath.
The Heavens and Earth have joyn'd, my Soul to ſave;
My diſturb'd Father reſts not in his Grave,
But haunts me Nightly; nay, the mighty Dean
Hears I defile the Church with Life unclean,
And threatens me with everlaſting Fire;
Nay, more, of me quickly to cleanſe the Quire.

Deſtruction in both Worlds attends our Crime,
Oh! let us both repent and mend in time.
Sweet Penitence will cleanſe your Noble Blood.
Madam, I muſt forſake you for your good,
Elſe I am cruel to you, and unjuſt.
I leave you with Regret, but part we muſt.
Whilſt thus he ſpoke, her Eyes around him walk'd,
T'examine what provoking Monſter talk'd.
Wonder, Averſion held her ſilent long,
At length a Floud of Rage thus forc'd her Tongue.
Thou art to nothing ſoft or ſweet a-kin,
Thy Father ne'er touch'd *Flute* or *Violin*.
No Woman bore thee, from ſome Rock th'art ſprung,
A Rock is able to repeat a Song.
Pity or Love never came near thy Heart;
More faithleſs than thy Fiddle-ſtrings thou art,
Which for their Truth on alt'ring Air relie,
And as the Weather is are firm or flie.
Traytour, I took thee'n Purſe and Perſon bare;
When many a Wench of both had had their ſhare.
Thy Finery, thy graceful Part is mine;
And now, forſooth, I've made him Great, and ſhine,
With Earth and Heav'n he is in high Eſteem;
His Father's Soul leaves Joys above for him.
Suppoſe a *Soul* from Earth to Heav'n can paſs,
Wou'd it take ſuch a Journey for an Aſs?

Go,

Go, for thy Ruine, thy *Lavinia* wed;
Anchor on Needles, ſeek thy floating Bread
In the uncertain Air of windy Song,
In a great waving Town ne'er fixing long;
But what it lately lifted to the Skies
Soon ſinks to Hell; as Humours fall or riſe.
Shortly, wrack'd Wretch! ſplit into Girls and Boys,
And ſwimming only on thy frail Employs,
Thou bitterly wilt curſe our Parting Hour;
And wiſh, once more, my Heart were in thy Pow'r:
In vain, Scorn only ſhalt thou have from me.
Then the tormenting, haunting Memory
Of my Endearing Love for ever loſt,
Shall, like a Reſtleſs, Dire, Infernal Ghoſt,
Freeze thee i' Bed, and blaſt thee at thy Board,
Till thou'rt the verier Ghoſt, and more abhorr'd.
This News will bring great Pleaſure to my Ear,
And be the only Muſick I ſhall bear.
Then ſhe abruptly hurry'd from his Eyes,
Left him in Fears, deep-ſtudying ſoft Replyes.
Muſe, leave him too a Moment, and attend
The injur'd Fair, to give her Griefs an End.
As drawn by Dragons home ſhe ſwiftly whirl'd,
There on her Bed her lovely Body hurl'd.
Then ſigh'd, wept, groan'd, oft into Swoonings fell;
Oh! Love! to what canſt thou not Hearts compel?

Love

Love drives this Beauty, late ſo full of Pride,
Once more to wooe, once more to be deni'd.
Submiſſion ſhe reſolves by *Fan* to ſend,
And leave no way untry'd the Youth to bend.
Ah, *Fan!* ſaid ſhe, I cannot loſe him ſo;
With ſofteſt Words to haughty *Minnum* go.
Ask for what Crimes I am thus odious grown;
Beſides my o'er-fond Love I know of none.
And I deſire that Errour to amend,
I only beg for it an eaſier End;
A Death leſs violent. I do not pray
He wou'd caſt off his fair *Lavinia.*
Only ſtay with me, and my Voice improve,
Till I have got the better of my Love.
This Favour's innocent, and 'tis the laſt
Return I beg, for all Endearings paſt.
Kind *Fan* repeats her Meſſage oft with Tears
To *Minnum* vainly, Fate had ſtop'd his Ears.
As on a Giant-Oak when Tempeſts crowd,
And ſtrongly ſtrive to cruſh; th'Uproar is loud:
Oft his vaſt Trunk beneath their Vigor bows,
The Earth is beaten with her broken Boughs;
Yet ſtill their Hold his Roots unvanquiſh'd keep,
His Head's not loftier than his Feet are deep.
The *Heroe* thus attack'd by Tears and Pray'rs,
Felt in his Boſom ſtrong contending Cares,

And

And pitying Drops rowl'd down her Cheeks in vain;
His laſt Deſigns firm rooted ſtill remain.
The fair One then begg'd Death; the Sight abhorr'd
Of Heav'n, which on her Head ſuch Ruine pour'd.
'Twas Night, when the tyr'd World takes needful eaſe;
Silent were Fields, quiet were cruel Seas.
Wild Winds were baniſh'd, lofty Woods were ſtill,
Stars ſeem'd to reſt upon the Heav'nly Hill.
Faſt ſlept the Cattel, though in thorny Brakes,
And deep the Fiſh, whether in oozy Lakes,
Or in the murmuring, unquiet Streams.
The watchful Dogs bark'd only in their Dreams.
The breathleſs Air had not the Strength to wake
The leaſt of Birds, nor weakeſt Leaf to ſhake.
Sleep in this Silence ſtole all Care away,
But what in the unhappy Beauty lay.
She in the gen'ral Peace not once engag'd;
Increaſing Tempeſts in her Boſom rag'd.
This cruel Night as bad a Day purſues,
And to the wretched Lady brought the News,
Mimnum with his new Love was ſeen to meet.
Then twice and thrice ſhe violently beat
Her graceful Boſom, tore her flowing Hair,
And on her Knees made this Revengeful Pray'r.

Let him be plagu'd with a vexatious Race:
Foul and lewd Whores lay waſte his conqu'ring Face.
For him bold Fools write and ſet ev'ry Song,
Blockheads as daring hiſs him right or wrong.
Give him a plenteous Portion with his Wife,
Of open Infamy, domeſtick Strife,
Of Brats he'll dote upon, and not beget;
And from their Arms let him be torn by Debt.
Let horrid Lewdneſs drive him from the Quire,
Then let not Players think him worth their hire.
From them a ſtarving Bargain let him pray,
When he has gain'd it, forfeit all his Pay.
Out of all Rule let him both ſing and live,
But Rules of Gaols; and thoſe let him deceive:
Till he's an univerſal Nuiſance grown,
For Debts and Riots into Dungeons thrown.
His Beauty, Voice, Wife's Love, and Skill in Song,
Oh! may he long ſurvive, yet periſh Young.
Then may his Wife be forc'd to beg a Grave,
And that be all the Land ſhe'll ever have.
May all my Friends all Harmony abhor,
And with it wage an Everlaſting War.
Let fierce Diſſenters from my Womb ariſe,
Which may purſue all ſinging Colonies.

In Churches, Muſick-Meetings, on the Stage,
And with the Edge of Wit, and Fire of Rage
Be th' entire Extirpation of 'em all,
And ſtead of Muſick fill the World with Brawl.

This ſaid; ſhe ſhook with Reſolutions dire;
Her rowling Eyes darted a threatning Fire.
Then a high Pile ſhe rear'd of *Viols*, *Lutes*,
Of *Harpſicals*, *Gittars*, *Haut-boys*, and *Flutes*;
Of *Songs* and *Tunes*, of *Airs* both grave and light:
She ſtack'd up *Crotchets* to a wond'rous height.
In greater heaps *Briefs*, *Semi-briefs*, *Quavers* lay,
Than *Billets* do on any Wharf or Key.
Her *Fiddles* made a little ſounding Hill.
She had not one *Harmonious Utenſil*,
She did not thruſt into the bulky Crowd,
And the bewitching Bawds to fire ſhe vow'd.
Pale and diſorder'd then a ſhining Sword
She drew, belonging to her Noble Lord.
Mounting with Courage the Melodious Pile,
She wept, muſ'd, ſadly gaz'd on it awhile.
Then ſaid, Y'have oft diſſolv'd my Cares in Song,
Now y'are my Griefs, but ſhall not be ſo long.
The Race my Fate ordain'd me I have run;
Ah! happy I, had it ne'er been begun,

And treach'rous *Minnon* ne'er had touch'd my Shore,
Now I'm for Shades whence I return no more.
Then deep ſhe ſtab'd her Arm, and wrote in Bloud
A Bond, to bind her ſelf to all that's good,
And ſhun all Ill, on Pain of ſuff'ring Hell,
When ſhe in Thought once more to Lewdneſs fell.
Now a new Courſe of Life ſhe cloſe purſu'd;
Her Lord to her, her ſelf for him ſhe woo'd.
To the good Work apply'd with ſuch Addreſs,
In little time ſhe met admir'd Succeſs.
Their mutual Love was the World's Wonder grown;
T' enjoy each other they renounc'd the Town;
To ever-happy Shades and Seats they went,
And in all Bliſs their following Moments ſpent.
Minnon was ſtill to his paſt Love inclin'd;
That ſhe was dead to him much griev'd his Mind.
The tuneful Hero, *Orpheus*-like, invades,
For his loſt Love, Furies and dang'rous Shades:
But truſted not to Song, like him of old,
On a wiſe *Sibyl* he rely'd, and Gold.
Entrance he got in a Wood thick and wide,
Where walking all alone his Love he ſpi'd.
Dimly he ſaw her, for 'twas far in Night,
And the *New Moon* but edg'd the Clouds with Light.
Her Charms and Beauties were, he thought, encreaſt.
Ah! then a thouſand Paſſions tore his Breaſt;

Deſire

Desire of her, Rage for his Follies past.
Low at her Feet himself in Tears he cast;
And for his Faults his Piety accus'd,
He swore her Love he no way else abus'd;
To her he ne'er did ought but Heav'n prefer,
And now not that, he wou'd leave Heav'n for her.
From him she sternly fixt on Earth her Eyes;
Rocks more regarded him, they gave Replyes
In gentle Echoes; not a word she spoke,
Away she fiercely with Aversion broke;
And wand'red fast into a winding Grove,
Where her kind Lord met her with equal Love.
Minnum wept, follow'd, begg'd, but all in vain,
He lost the Lady, and he [illegible]
A new vain Labour now he must begin,
Toil much for what he little cares to win;
Must the *Dean's* Glory mise, his own degrade,
Leave high-born Beauty for an humble Maid.

FINIS.